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ARCHIVAL RESISTANCE: A COMPARATIVE READING OF *ULYSSES* AND *ONE
HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE*

by

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DEDICATION

To my parents,

To Jacob,

And in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary

ABSTRACT

Much of the comparative scholarship on the works of Gabriel García Márquez assumes the position that he was most significantly influenced by the works of William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. However, beyond the citation of techniques shared extensively by other Modernists and dependence upon superficial comparisons between texts, the connections between García Márquez and these writers frequently remain tenuous. I suggest that to privilege Faulknerian or Hemingwayan readings of García Márquez is to overlook his position as a postcolonial Latin American novelist; I therefore consider in relationship with García Márquez the Irish writer James Joyce. Both writers participate in what I call archival resistance, constructing in *Ulysses* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude* a depository of images and scenes relating the experiences of life in Ireland or Latin America, respectively. The presence of colonialism in both Ireland and Latin America has historically impeded their ability to create narratives through which their own identities may be expressed, subordinated instead to overarching imperialist chronicles. I argue that it is in this shared resistance that an extensive ideological relationship—if not direct influence—is revealed between James Joyce and Gabriel García Márquez.

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INTRODUCTION

In an article written for *The New Yorker* ten years before his death, Gabriel García Márquez recounted the day that Jorge Álvaro Espinosa—a law student who had guided him through the Sacred Scriptures and “made [him] learn by heart the names of Job’s companions”—placed a copy of James Joyce’s *Ulysses* before him, declaring with Episcopalian authority: ‘This is the other Bible.’¹ García Márquez went on to say in his article that it only was through a patient, careful reading of *Ulysses* that he was able to discover within himself a “genuine world [he] had never suspected,” while learning the narrative and stylistic techniques that would prove invaluable in constructing his novels and short stories.² These are the retrospections of a seventy-six year old Nobel Laureate remembering the excitement of his first published short story, succeeded only forty-two days later by another offer of publication. But in 1981—the year before he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature—García Márquez told the *Paris Review* that what he learned from Joyce was the technique of the interior monologue, which he later rediscovered to his greater preference in Virginia Woolf.³ Indeed, although he often referred to Joyce’s influence on his writing in interviews and letters, he extensively credited other Modernist writers as having more directly influenced his work: García Márquez often recalled the opening of Franz Kafka’s *The Metamorphosis*, which to his amazement and immense joy exposed the narrative potential of literature; and he

¹ “The Challenge,” pg. 102

² Ibid, pg. 103

³ Stone, pg. 62

particularly spoke of his “great masters,” William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway.⁴ The former, he explained, “is a writer who has had much to do with my soul,” but the latter “is the one who had the most to do with my craft.”⁵ It is no surprise, therefore, that much of the scholarship on García Márquez—comparative or otherwise—has emphasized the inheritance and continuity between his works and those of his “great masters,” so that critics assert *ad nauseam* that the Macondo of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is a fictional town in the mold of Faulkner’s Yoknapatawpha County or that García Márquez could not have written *The Story of a Shipwrecked Sailor* before reading Hemingway’s *The Old Man and the Sea*.

On the other hand, criticism in the fifty years since the publication of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* has neglected to pursue a Joycean relationship—even in the decade since García Márquez acknowledged *Ulysses* as a work of monumental literary and personal importance in his article for *The New Yorker*. Notwithstanding the occasional article that vaguely alludes to Joyce’s influence on García Márquez’s style, comparative analysis of both writers has been greatly lacking. Deborah Cohn suggests that although numerous studies have considered the influence of the modernists on the development of contemporary Latin American fiction, studies of the “influence of Woolf and Faulkner address these authors’ stylistic and thematic appeal to Latin American writers” while “comparisons to Joyce are relatively infrequent and tend to focus only on his technical influence.”⁶ Perhaps the one great exception to this rule is Julio Cortázar’s *Rayuela*, which Fernández Retamar claims “is for Latin Americans what *Ulysses* is for

⁴ “García Márquez Meets Ernest Hemingway,” pg. 16-17

⁵ Ibid, pg. 17

⁶ Cohn, pg. 60

writers of the English language.”⁷ Reading *Rayuela* through *Ulysses*, many scholars see in relief the narrative interruption, intertextuality, cross-references, and linguistic experimentation that create in the novel an “encyclopedic experience and a polyvalent, multidimensional, and multifaceted textual universe.”⁸ Physically flipping backward and forward between numbered, untitled chapters to follow the scheme laid out by Cortázar in the preface to his novel evokes readership of *Ulysses*, which Jennifer Levine suggests “is often a case of moving backward through the pages (to check a detail, note an echo, revise an interpretation) as much as forward.”⁹ In this and many regards, *Rayuela* therefore seems the obvious choice for fruitful comparative analysis with *Ulysses*. Yet I argue that García Márquez’s *One Hundred Years of Solitude*—though certainly more conservative in stylistic experimentation than either *Rayuela* or *Ulysses*—is more closely aligned technically and thematically with Joyce’s novel than it appears.

The comparisons made between Joyce and García Márquez’s novels have consistently been based on one or more of the following factors: first, the interlacing of action in each writer’s novels through the reintroduction of the same characters into different stories, which creates an integrated, dynamic literary universe; second, the narrative return to the same location in otherwise discontinuous short stories and novels, specifically García Márquez’s Macondo and Joyce’s Dublin; and third, the constant recourse to Judeo-Christian and Greco-Roman mythologies by both writers. These factors are usually considered in isolation and rationalized as discrete traces of influence

⁷ Simo et al, pg. 25

⁸ Novillo-Corvalán, pg. 62

⁹ Levine, pg. 131

transmitted by Joyce-through Faulkner-to García Márquez.¹⁰ But to read the Joycean influence on García Márquez exclusively through the Faulknerian lens disassembles the critical link that weaves together those likenesses. It is at best nonessential to introduce Faulkner into a consideration of Joyce and García Márquez, since the latter's familiarity with *Ulysses* and other texts has been well documented. I argue that to mediate Joyce through Faulkner, occludes a reading of *Ulysses* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude* as postcolonial texts sharing in a common resistance of imperial logics.

Morton Levitt has suggested that it was the modern emphasis on the need for structure and design in literature, particularly through the “use of myth as an arbitrary means of ordering art,” that enabled Latin American writers to “transform their separate, local literary inheritances into fictions which are truly universal.”¹¹ He includes Joyce among the modernists whose influence was most significant—an obvious yet charged inclusion—as he indicates the dialectic that is at the root of the resistance enacted in *Ulysses* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude*: the local and the universal. In his book *Decolonizing Modernism*, José Luis Venegas notes that this dialectic has historically been expressed through the polarities of the primitive (barbarism) and the modern (civilization).¹² Within this logic, modernity and civilization are fixed as traits of a centralized Euro-American sociocultural tradition; primitivism and barbarism, as the corresponding nomenclature for nations and ideologies on the periphery of a dominant Eurocentric aesthetic. When Levitt contends that the influence of the modernists enabled

¹⁰ Gerald Martin proposes that Faulkner “is to be taken as a mediator of Joycean innovation at a time (the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s) when Joyce’s writings were not as readily available as Faulkner’s to a Latin American readership. See Martin, pg. 7

¹¹ Levitt, pg. 4

¹² Venegas, pg. 3

Latin American writers to transform their “local” texts into fictions that are “universal,” he refers to the legitimization of their texts by metropolitan readers whose recognition of particular writers was “defined against a universal aesthetic standard embodied in modernism.”¹³ It is clear from the writing of T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, sentinels of Euro-American modernism, that it is the style of a text that conforms it to modernist standards—and nowhere is this so evident as in their discussions of Joyce’s *Ulysses*. In his 1923 review “*Ulysses*, Order, and Myth,” Eliot suggests that it is of utmost importance that in dealing with the “living material” in his work, Joyce employs the myth and thus “manipulate[s] a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity,” discovering “a way of controlling, of ordering, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history.”¹⁴ He boldly proclaims that this “mythical method” will be the means through which the “modern world [will be made] possible for art.”¹⁵ Though alluding to the “living material” of Joyce’s novel, Eliot does not speak of it as that which must be salvaged in art, for he asserts that it is through myth that the artist will make the “modern world possible for art,” and not the reverse. Eliot’s concern, therefore, is to conform the “living material” of the contemporary world to the high modernist aesthetic.

The implications of this conformity are expressed more clearly in Pound’s essay “The Non-Existence of Ireland,” where he enunciates the problem of Joyce’s Irishness:

Coming down to the present, I can find only one man calling himself Irish who is in any sense part of the decade. I refer to the exile James Joyce.

¹³ Larsen, pg. 7

¹⁴ Eliot, pg. 167

¹⁵ Ibid.

Synge fled to Paris, driven out presumably by the local stupidity. Joyce has fled to Trieste and into the modern world. And in the calm of that foreign city he has written books about Ireland. There are many books about Ireland. But Joyce's books are in prose. I mean that they are written in what we call 'prose' par excellence.¹⁶

Here, Pound makes analogues of space and temporality. Ireland is defined by what Pound calls its "local stupidity" and is seemingly outside of time, since it does not form—with the exception of Joyce—any "part of the decade." In leaving Ireland, he therefore does not merely escape physically but also temporally, "flee[ing] to Trieste and into the modern world." But more to the point, Pound clearly expresses that what is of value in Joyce's *Ulysses* is not its Irish content—for "[t]here are many books about Ireland"—but its "'prose' par excellence"; after all, Joyce writes "as a European, not as a provincial."¹⁷ And so it has followed that, as Vincent Cheng has indicated, Joyce was introduced into a canon in which he appears a "sanitized Joyce whose contributions are to be measured only by the standards of canonical High Modernism"¹⁸—a writer dedicated to aesthetic purification as a response to the deterioration of Western cultural tradition. This has resulted, as Emer Nolan discusses, in trends of Joycean criticism that "occlude the particularity of Irish historical experience as it determines and is reflected in his fiction."¹⁹ But what is striking is that in spite of Joyce's permanent exile from and ambivalence towards Ireland—and what Nolan describes as Ireland's ambivalence

¹⁶ Pound, pg. 33

¹⁷ Ibid, pg. 32

¹⁸ Cheng, pg. 3

¹⁹ Nolan, pg. xii

towards him²⁰—as well as the constant deprecation of Irish literary representation by many English and European critics, Joyce persists in returning to Ireland in his fiction, setting all of his novels in Dublin. He therefore remains irrevocably tied to the locality of Ireland even as he experiments and even exceeds the modernist aesthetic.

In Latin American criticism, early reception of Joyce bifurcated. On the one hand, Mexican writer Carlos Fuentes claimed that “Joyce open[ed] the doors of the totality of language, of languages” by “document[ing] the wake of the modern world and rewrit[ing] the true discourse of the West.”²¹ Conversely, Venegas notes that Peruvian novelist José María Arguedas denounced Joycean aesthetics as “linguistic pyrotechnics” resulting in “a lack of engagement with the immediacy of social reality” that ultimately disinclined writers from constructing “faithful representations of Spanish American culture” in their fiction.²² Like Eliot, Fuentes acknowledges Joyce’s employment of myth as ordering device, incorporating into his literary project “Homeric epic, medieval scholasticism, and Vico’s modern historical progression.”²³ But at the same time, he posits that this is all done in order to enact the whole of human experience, since in his novel appears “each word of man, as banal, corrupt, or insignificant as it may seem, containing within its skinny syllables all the seeds of renovation as well as all the echoes of an ancestral, original, and foundational memory. For Joyce, nothing is superfluous.”²⁴ This analysis remains firmly in place within a modernist aesthetic—neither participating in a historical or culturally Irish reading of the novel nor necessarily interested in

²⁰ Nolan, pg. xiii

²¹ Fuentes, pg. 106

²² Venegas, pg. 25

²³ Fuentes, pg. 106

²⁴ Ibid, pg. 105

adapting Joycean techniques in fictional representations of Latin American experience. Venegas argues that to achieve the “universalism” favored by Fuentes, otherwise described by Octavio Paz as the Latin American “desire to be modern,” ultimately results in “the severance of the ties between the text and the world, between literary production and cultural specificity, and amounts to losing touch with the logic of historical development as shaped by *local* circumstances.”²⁵ He then points to Arguedas, whose disdain for *Ulysses* derived from an aesthetic he believed would “drive a wedge between an autochthonous sort of literature and an internationalist trend” otherwise demonstrated in Cortázar’s *Rayuela*.²⁶

What neither Fuentes nor Arguedas fully acknowledges is the persistent Irishness of Joyce’s body of work: the former lauds *Ulysses* as a stylistically innovative novel that presents to near perfection the whole of human experience, all the while omitting discussion of its localization in Dublin. The latter cannot see beyond the modernist “universalism” of *Ulysses* and cannot appreciate how Joyce’s representations of Irish life in his novel may influence fictional expressions of Latin American experience. If one considers the trajectory of Latin American fiction through Cortázar as Arguedas did, his trepidation is understandable, for in *Rayuela* there is very little representation of the realism of a Latin American experience. The characters in that work embody the ennui of the metropolitan vagabonding literary elite in possession of the financial mobility required to travel repeatedly between Argentina and Paris. In this regard, Cortázar’s novel is far removed from Joyce’s *Ulysses*, which even in its convolution represents convincingly the banality of life for many characters, so much so that George Bernard

²⁵ Venegas, pg. 25, italics mine

²⁶ Ibid.

Shaw said of the novel that it is a “revolting record of a disgusting phase of civilization, but it is a truthful one.”²⁷ I argue that in this manner, *Ulysses* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude* are most thematically bound together, for in each of the works there is a representation of lived experience centralized on the quotidian enterprises of the Dubliner or Macondan (Latin American). There is in each novel an adherence to realism so thorough that each biological process or meeting in the town square serves a purpose. Joyce said of his novel that he “tried to express the multiple variations which make up the social life of a city—its degradation and exaltations” and that he always “tried to keep close to fact.”²⁸ García Márquez similarly asserted that “there’s not a single line in [his] novels which is not based on reality.”²⁹ Both Dublin and Macondo appear as living cities whose citizens move freely, growing and changing between the lines of the texts. All the while, Joyce and García Márquez employ the myths of the Western canon, not attempting to preserve their eminence but breaking and reconstituting them. I argue along with Venegas that the Joycean influence on Latin American literature—in particular García Márquez—has been to “subvert, recycle, and...reconceive European literary forms and methods of representation,” considering works of the Euro-American canon not as “monolithic models to be revered, copied, or even rewritten with a local flavor [but] as a gallery of mirrors which, when repositioned rightly, can reflect the luminous contours of an *emancipated* culture.”³⁰

It is impossible to read Joyce or García Márquez as texts that merely satisfy the requirements for a modernist aesthetic. Jose Luis Venegas suggests that if Joyce’s fiction

²⁷ Qtd. in Birmingham, pg. 205

²⁸ Power et al, pg. 98

²⁹ *The Fragrance of Guava*, pg. 36

³⁰ Venegas, pg. 6, italics mine

is considered as a “reflection of Irish historical experience rather than as the epitome of the decentralized linguistic playfulness of modernism, then the formal [technical] links between his fiction and contemporary Spanish American narrative will not be an actualization of modernist aesthetics.”³¹ To read the relation between *Ulysses* and the Latin American novel solely within the standards of Modernism establishes the “contact zone” of the two texts—to employ Elleke Boehmer’s terminology—within a Eurocentric dialectic. If the two are read as participants in a colonial history, then their point of contact is no longer mediated through a “European colonial centre and its periphery” but is instead “positioned *between* peripheries.”³² Thus, *Ulysses* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude* must be read as texts in which postcolonial writers attempt to reverse and reclaim their displaced narratives, enabling the reader to realize—as Edward Said contends—that “imperialism, far from swallowing up its own history, was taking place in and was circumscribed by a larger history.”³³ It is in restoring their histories and composing new archives of Irish and Latin American experience that Joyce and García Márquez resist the imperialist vestiges of Modernism, placing their narratives not in the universal, but in the peripheries—in the local.

³¹ Venegas pg. 35

³² *Empire, the National, and the Postcolonial*, pg. 2

³³ Said, pg. 25

CHAPTER I

ULYSSES AND THE IRISH ARCHIVE

Enrique Dussel argues that “Modernity appears when Europe affirms itself as the ‘center’ of a World history that it inaugurates.”³⁴ Indeed, it seems that for the Modernist, all texts are read within a dialectic in which what may be assimilated to the interests of a Eurocentric aesthetic is celebrated and what is inadaptable remains peripheral. The Greco-Roman mythologies from which *Ulysses* assumes its structure therefore provided for T.S. Eliot a method through which to attend to the cultural fragmentation of Western cultural ideologies even as they were estranged from their Irish analogues in the novel; for Pound, the stylistic and technical innovations of the novel—“‘like the side of an engine,’ efficient, clear statement, no shadow of comment, and with clear, hard surfaces”—constituted the only effective response to “the hell of contemporary Europe.”³⁵ This is an impulse to introduce order into what is disordered through aesthetics that are intelligible to a Eurocentric discourse, an imposition I argue is ideologically comparable to the imperial archivization of the colonized. According to Thomas Richards, the archive plays an immensely important role in the development and sustainability of empires because it serves as the “collectively imagined junction of all that was known or knowable, a fantastic representation of an epistemological master pattern, [and] a virtual focal point for the heterogeneous local knowledge of metropolis

³⁴ Dussel, pg. 65

³⁵ Pound, pg. 93

and empire.”³⁶ Richards speaks of the imperial archive with regards to the desire to know and organize information, which serves to justify imperialist subjugation of peoples and their territories under the pretense of offering education and salvation to natives as well as advancing scientific understanding.³⁷ But if the imperial archive is considered more broadly as the collection of narratives that build and assert the identity and history of a people (Europeans) and are then employed to produce and manage the identity of the Other (non-Europeans), the analogue between the Modernist aesthetic and Joyce’s *Ulysses* is clear. However, I argue that in writing *Ulysses*, Joyce assumes control of the archive, working within the Modernist aesthetic to produce the Irish narrative, engaging in what Franz Fanon calls the initiation of a “new history of Man, a history which will have regard to the sometimes prodigious theses which Europe has put forward, but which will also not forget Europe’s crimes.”³⁸ Jacques Derrida assures his readers that “there is no political power without control of the archive,” and this is true—not necessarily of governmental jurisdiction or authority, but with regards to the individual’s “participation in and access to the archive, its constitution, and its interpretation.”³⁹

The archive is enacted and reinforced variously throughout Joyce’s works, but within a comparative analysis of his and García Márquez’s novels, two points of convergence arise: biography and the *archium*. Michael Palencia-Roth notes that both writers were exiles—Joyce was an often-reluctant expatriate and Garcia Marquez an intentional émigré—but that each of them “returned home in [his] fiction.”⁴⁰ For Joyce,

³⁶ Richards, pg. 11

³⁷ Ibid.

³⁸ Fanon, pg. 312

³⁹ Derrida, pg. 11

⁴⁰ Palencia-Roth, pg. 20

that home was Dublin; for García Márquez, Aracataca, immortalized in his writing as Macondo. As much as these writers filled the streets of their novels and short stories with the people they experienced at home and abroad, it is through the towns they represent that Joyce and García Márquez most emphatically resemble each other: Joyce firmly believed that “circumstances of birth, talent, and character had made him Dublin’s interpreter,”⁴¹ and García Márquez understood that in writing *One Hundred Years of Solitude* he was in fact writing “the book of Macondo.”⁴²

Equally important is the *archium* as defined by Derrida in *Archive Fever*. He suggests that in its earliest linguistic context, the archive refers to a house [archium] whose residents “signified political power [and] were considered to possess the right to make or represent the law”⁴³; it was in this house that official documents were filed, and the residents of the house—the *archons*—were “first of all the documents’ guardians.”⁴⁴ The house figures prominently in both *Ulysses* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. In “Ithaca,” the penultimate episode of *Ulysses*, Joyce provides an archive of Bloom’s life in the style of a catechism that is set in his home. This is no incidental detail, for to read Joyce’s archive through Derrida’s framework suggests that such a maneuver promotes the dignity of Bloom and his existence as an Irishman: the documents physically and textually housed in his 7 Eccles Street provide the record of a man’s memories, possessions, and lineage. If the archive has been historically employed to contain materials which can affirm conceived imperialist narratives, so too can Joyce’s archive in *Ulysses* affirm this new narrative of the Irishman. Even more significant is the fact that

⁴¹ Ellmann, pg. 6

⁴² González Bermejo, pg. 7

⁴³ Derrida, pg. 9

⁴⁴ Ibid, pg. 10

Joyce superimposes the *Odyssey* on this archive, so that Odysseus arrives in Ithaca—his seat of authority—as Bloom arrives at 7 Eccles Street. This is less an ordering myth than the means through which the importance of the archive is highlighted; less an application of the Modernist aesthetic of the universal than its subordination to the local.

In García Márquez's novel, the archive is not merely a receptacle for literary memory, but for his experiences of life in Latin America. And so the conceit of the house as archive is expressed very effectively in García Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, which follows one household and centers around the Buendía home—a structure that is continually growing and adapting to contain the growing number of family members. So integral to García Márquez's vision of the novel was the house that earlier drafts of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* were tentatively titled *La casa* and featured characters and interactions that were contained entirely within the house—nothing happened nor was recorded that did not begin and end inside its walls. The novel is a textual archive of the history of Macondo as remembered through the Buendías, seeing its consummation only at the end of the novel as its parchments are deciphered and Macondo is swept from the surface of the earth. And like *Ulysses*, furthermore, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* subverts the mythologies of the West by reconceiving the narratives through which Latin Americans have historically been subjugated. I will discuss García Márquez's novel further and more completely in Chapter II, having explored the significant archival resistance of Joyce's *Ulysses* throughout the remainder of Chapter I.

The Living Dublin in Joyce's *Ulysses*

In his conversations with Frank Budgen, James Joyce once said that he wanted *Ulysses* “to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of the book.”⁴⁵ Thus, Dublin emerges not only as theatre but also as subject in each of his texts, growing in complexity as his understanding of and desire to represent the city matured. Developing from the polyphonic *Dubliners*, a collection of fifteen short stories narrated by representing different characters of the Irish middle class—several of whom make later appearances in *Ulysses*—and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, an autobiographical novel in which Stephen Dedalus struggles with his desire for artistic fulfillment against what he considers to be its incompatibility with the Irish cause and the Roman Catholic Church, *Ulysses* presents a Dublin that engages the experiences of many characters, even as the roles of Leopold Bloom and his wife Molly are emphasized. Superimposed on the Homeric *Odyssey*, Joyce's *Ulysses* follows the episodic travels of Leopold Bloom in an eighteen-hour trek through the streets of Dublin, meeting the very same Stephen Dedalus from *Portrait of the Artist* and ultimately returning home to his estranged Penelope. But as much as this novel is about Leopold Bloom and represents, as Edmund Wilson said in the *New Republic*, “the most faithful x-ray ever taken of the ordinary human consciousness,”⁴⁶ perhaps the greatest personality “that emerges out of the contracts of many people”—Budgen argues—“is that of the city of Dublin.”⁴⁷ Joyce took on the task of presenting in his art a city that had largely eluded artistic representation and a nation

⁴⁵ Budgen, pg. 67-68

⁴⁶ Wilson, pg. 164

⁴⁷ Budgen, pg. 67

that had long been excluded from high cultural discourse; it is in focalizing his works and, in particular, *Ulysses*, in Dublin that Joyce destabilizes literary and sociocultural nomenclature that had long served to enmesh Ireland in a history of presumed provinciality.

Many scholars have claimed that centuries of British intervention in Ireland do not constitute colonialism as practiced in the occupation of territories in Asia and Africa. In their seminal work *The Empire Writes Back*, Bill Ashcroft, Gareth Griffiths, and Helen Tiffin suggest that the “subsequent complicity [of Ireland] with the British Imperial enterprise makes it difficult for colonized people outside Britain to accept their identity as postcolonial,” so they omit any discussion of Ireland from their book.⁴⁸ Elleke Boehmer, furthermore, argues that Ireland is not a true postcolonial nation because “its history has been so closely linked to that of Britain”; the nation’s geographic and cultural proximity to London, she contends, has ensured that Ireland’s writers produce as Westerners *within* the Empire—not outside of it.⁴⁹ Yet it seems incongruous that a critical discourse following in the wake of Edward Said’s efforts to expose the supremacy of a Western literary tradition that “originated in the period of high European imperialism and is irrecusably linked to it”⁵⁰ should take for granted a symbiotic spatial and cultural relationship between Ireland and England. In the first half of the twentieth century, to label a writer as Irish did “not simply supply one’s readers with information about the author’s national origin”; rather, the effect was to introduce the writer into a “long history of British anti-Irish stereotypes” that amplified the supposed obscenity and insularity of

⁴⁸ Ashcroft et al, pg. 31-32

⁴⁹ Boehmer, pg. 4

⁵⁰ Said, pg. 49

the Irish disposition.⁵¹ José Luis Venegas notes that for Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot, the “Irish content of Joyce’s narrative was little more than the dull subject matter transfigured into art by the formal virtuosity of *Portrait of the Artist* and, most notably, *Ulysses*.”⁵² Furthermore, Venegas challenges Joseph Kelly’s claim that Pound and Eliot “‘changed Joyce from an Irish writer into an avant-garde, cosmopolitan writer shucking off his provincial husk,’” suggesting that it is impossible to ignore the “Irishness” of a writer “whose entire oeuvre revolves around Dublin and the speech and customs of its people.”⁵³ To deny Joyce’s Irish context is itself an act of erasure—one that discriminates between the Irish writer and the “avant-garde, cosmopolitan” one, as Kelly does. The very distinction made between these two descriptors, as though they were opposing and incompatible, intimates that a literary, if not cultural, bias still remains against the Irish.

It is perhaps for this reason that no writer before Joyce had attempted or succeeded so thoroughly in immortalizing Dublin in his fiction. Joyce believed that Ireland had never been “a highly civilized nation like Italy or France” because it lacked the wealth of literary and graphic arts available in other European nations.⁵⁴ But—and this is more to the point—artistic representations of Irish life were limited⁵⁵, and it was to this end that Joyce wrote *Ulysses*. It is interesting to note that much of the negative

⁵¹ Said, pg. 49

⁵² Venegas, pg. 27-28

⁵³ Ibid, pg. 27

⁵⁴ Power et al, pg. 94

⁵⁵ See Edward G. Lengel’s *The Irish Through British Eyes* for a detailed discussion of the mediation of Irish identity through English opinion in the nineteenth century. There, he argues that “Irishness was a concept defined by Anglo-Irish, and imitated by English, authors”—more often than not based on portrayals of the Irish as stereotypical caricatures and indulged in by Irish writers whose funding depended on ever-increasing English audiences. (Lengel 43)

criticism first engendered by the novel emphasized Joyce's "Irish 'backwardness.'"⁵⁶ This is why it is crucial to read Joyce within his Irish context: his contemporaries who despised the novel did not hesitate to align its production with the Irish Joyce; those who praised it often suppressed Joyce's heritage in favor of his apparent cosmopolitanism. But there is no *Ulysses* without Ireland, for in his novel Joyce aimed to create a Dublin that "grows upon us not through our eyes and memory, but through the minds of the Dubliners we overhear talking to each other."⁵⁷ Frank Budgen recalls Joyce's explication of *Ulysses* as an attempt to "express the multiple variations which make up the social life of a city—its degradation and exaltations."⁵⁸ It is for this that *Ulysses* has often been well received, for Joyce does not merely embody the whole Dublin as a "living social organism" that is "possess[ed], seen, heard, smelt, and felt, brooded over, imagined, and remembered,"⁵⁹ but also renders in the novel "as exhaustively, as precisely and as directly as it is possible in words to do, what our participation in life is like—or rather what it seems to us like as from moment to moment we live."⁶⁰ And so it happens that Leopold and Molly Bloom have come to represent the most full-bodied characters in literature, whose histories, thoughts, and desires echo through the streets of Dublin.

***Ulysses*: Archive of Irish Experience**

Joyce did not think of himself as a creator, but as a memory-keeper who produced from recollection rather than imagination; indeed, according to Ian Gunn and Clive Hart,

⁵⁶ Venegas, pg. 27

⁵⁷ Budgen, pg. 70

⁵⁸ Power et al, pg. 95

⁵⁹ Qtd. in Segall, pg. 62

⁶⁰ Qtd. in Tully, pg. 61

Joyce “believed that he lacked creative imagination and [therefore] placed memory above all other human faculties,” so that even the most staggeringly unprecedented of his works was a “mere recreation, rearrangement of the known world, rather than a creative exploration of the unknown.”⁶¹ This is particularly evident in Joyce’s constant novelistic recourse to his personal experiences, both in childhood and beyond. Several of his relatives were immortalized in his fiction. Of his father the author said, “I was very fond of him always, being a sinner myself, and even liked his faults. Hundreds of pages and scores of characters in my books come from him.”⁶² His uncles William and John “Red” Murray became Alphy and Joe in the story “Clay,” appearing respectively in *Ulysses* as Richard Goulding and “Red Murray”; and William’s wife Josephine—a confidante of Joyce’s—appears in *Portrait of the Artist* under her own name.⁶³ Joyce also drew inspiration from his time at Belvedere, where he studied English composition under George Dempsey, who appears as Mr. Tate in *Portrait of the Artist* and accuses him as “having heresy” in an essay.⁶⁴ For this, two of his classmates—christened Heron and Boland in the novel—beat Joyce and left him demoralized and a victim of his art.⁶⁵ After moving to 17 North Richmond Street in 1894, Joyce encountered a number of his neighbors who would come to fill his novels: Eily and Eddie Boardman appear conflated as Edy Boardman in *Ulysses*; Ned Thorton as Mr. Kernan in “Grace” and *Ulysses*; and Mary Sheehy as Emma Clery in *Portrait of the Artist*.⁶⁶ The details taken from Joyce’s private life, furthermore, are innumerable, ranging from his residence at Martello Tower

⁶¹ Gunn et al, pg. 13

⁶² Qtd. in Beja, pg. 2

⁶³ Anderson, pg. 10

⁶⁴ Ibid, pg. 22

⁶⁵ Ibid, pg. 22

⁶⁶ Ibid, pg. 25

in Sandycove to his problematic relationship with Oliver St. John Gogarty (encarnalized as Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*) and culminating with Nora, with whom he slept head to foot like Molly and Bloom and for whom he immortalized in his novel the sixteenth of June—their first date.⁶⁷

Chester Anderson once noted that Joyce “convert[ed] his life directly into fiction to the consternation of his friends” and enemies, with whom the writer often “coolly renewed acquaintance” in order to gather material for his books.⁶⁸ Yet while it is true that much of the material in Joyce’s novels and short stories comes directly from his own past, to suggest that his fiction is merely reproducing the episodes of his life would be a gross misrepresentation of his work. Joyce claimed to have based *Ulysses* “out of [his] own experience, and not out of a conceived idea, or a temporary emotion.”⁶⁹ This is neither hyperbole nor understatement, but is suggestive of his relationship to the world around him. His knowledge of the world was not limited to the events of his biographical life and their physical and intellectual consequences, nor was it limited to the recounted episodes of his relations and acquaintances. Rather, Joyce’s experience encompassed even the smallest detail he encountered—no matter how nondescript it appeared. Frank Budgen recalls that “Joyce was always looking and listening for the necessary fact or word,” believing that each detail he collected “would prove useful in its time and place.”⁷⁰ The materials he accrued while “jot[ting] down notes and epiphanies on the library slips he carried with him” knew no limits and were indeed inscrutable in their

⁶⁷ Anderson, pg. 66

⁶⁸ Ibid, pg. 70

⁶⁹ Power et al, pg. 36

⁷⁰ Budgen, pg. 175-76

variety to those who observed the collector at work.⁷¹ Budgen remarked that in the space of a few hours, Joyce once compiled

...a parody on the House that Jack Built, the name and action of a poison, the method of caning boys on training ships, the wobbly cessation of a tired unfinished sentence, the nervous trick of a convive turning his glass in inward-turning circles, a Swiss music-hall joke turning on a pun in Swiss dialect, a description of the Fitzsimmons shift.⁷²

The assemblage of such materials is the work of a lifetime, which is why when Joyce was once asked how long he had been working on *Ulysses*, he responded that it had been “about five years. But in a sense all my life.”⁷³ His writing—like that of García Márquez—encompasses the whole of his existence, not merely the major episodes but also the minutiae amassed in years of quotidian living. It is critical to understand the role that such details play in Joyce’s works. Isolated from the greater narratives in which they are placed, details from maps, songs, or advertisements yield very little outside of their respective contexts; yet Joyce himself claimed that “the original genius of a man lies in his scribblings...if the minute scribblings which compose the big work are not significant, the big work goes for nothing no matter how grandly conceived.”⁷⁴

Jorge Luis Borges observes in his essay on “The Argentine Writer and Tradition” that the lack of camels in the *Koran* proves conclusively that the text was written by an man who “had no reason to know that camels were particularly Arab,” but for whom they

⁷¹ Anderson, pg. 46

⁷² Power et al, pg. 89

⁷³ Budgen, pg. 22

⁷⁴ Power et al, pg. 89

were simply “a part of reality.”⁷⁵ In some sense, it is this experience of the reality of Dublin that Joyce attempts to achieve in his novel. Frank Budgen notes that for a writer who desired to image Dublin so perfect in his novel that the entire city could be reconstructed from the book, Joyce does not provide the “wealth of delicate pictorial evocation” that he does in *Dubliners*—he names streets but does not describe them, and readers enter into homes and buildings not as strangers, but as familiars.⁷⁶ No expository information is given; instead, the reader is immersed into an experience of the city, which does not exist merely as a grid of houses, churches, and shops but “as the essential element in which Dubliners live”—not as a “décor to be modified at will, but something as native to them as water to a fish.”⁷⁷ This is not to say that Joyce worked purely through abstraction or intentional lack of characterization: rather, Joyce achieves the impression by simulating cognitive patterns of memory and sensory stimulation as experienced in the human mind. One example of this is found in the “Calypso” episode of *Ulysses*. Walking around Dorset Street, Leopold Bloom reads the words “Agendath Netaim”⁷⁸ on an advertisement and immediately thinks of the investment opportunity afforded to those who “pay eighty marks and they plant a dunam of land for you with olives, oranges, almonds, or citrons.”⁷⁹ Bloom reasons that “[o]lives [are] cheaper: oranges need artificial irrigation,”⁸⁰ still thinking of the food items within the context of the advertisement; but then he thinks of olives in jars, remembers that he has “a few left from Andrews,”⁸¹ and

⁷⁵ Borges, pg. 181

⁷⁶ Budgen, pg. 68

⁷⁷ Ibid, pg. 70

⁷⁸ *U*17.191-92

⁷⁹ *U*17.195-96

⁸⁰ *U*17.196-97

⁸¹ *U*17.203

is reminded of his wife Molly spitting out the pits. He thinks of “[o]ranges in tissue paper packed in crates”⁸² and “[c]itrons too,”⁸³ then immediately transitions to thinking about “poor Citron still in Saint Kevin’s parade...Pleasant evenings we had then. Molly in Citron’s basketchair. Nice to hold, cool waxen fruit, hold in the hand, lift it to the nostrils and smell the perfume.”⁸⁴ In the midst of considering the orange fruit, Bloom remembers the Citrons, a family whom he and Molly had known years before and visited at their home at No. 17 St. Kevin’s Parade.⁸⁵

What is remarkable about the Citrons is that they dwell not only in Joyce’s Dublin, but also in the Dublin of 1904 as recorded in *Thom’s Irish Almanac and Official Directory*—which includes a street directory for Dublin with names and addresses, among other things. Joyce deferred to *Thom’s* directory frequently to retrieve street lists and the names of shops so that, writing from memory in Trieste, he could refer specifically to the buildings and street corners he recalled. He employed the directory so that he could place in his novel the same families that had filled the streets of Dublin in 1904, even referring to *Thom’s* as a belated realtor seeking a home for Leopold Bloom; upon discovering that the 1904 almanac showed 7 Eccles Street as vacant, Joyce leased it out to him.⁸⁶ Ian Gunn and Clive Hart note that with the exception of changes made for specific structural purposes, “the main fictional materials of *Ulysses* are fitted into the realities of the historical Dublin with the minimum of disturbance to documentary fact.”⁸⁷

Therefore, although her brothel had been shut down by 1904, Bella Cohen appears in

⁸² *U*17.204

⁸³ *Ibid.*

⁸⁴ *U*17.205-208

⁸⁵ Gifford et al, pg. 133

⁸⁶ Gunn et al, pg. 14

⁸⁷ *Ibid*, pg. 16

“Circe” because she is listed in the *Thom’s Directory* for that year, the Dedaluses live in the same house the Joyces occupied in 1904, and Bloom works as the manager of a real advertising agency in D’Olier Street, as listed in *Thom’s*.⁸⁸ In making use of *Thom’s Directory*, writing to friends and family members for confirmation of specific details, and even using a stopwatch to measure the movements of his characters, Joyce achieved a staggering degree of detail in *Ulysses*.

Even so, many critics found Dublin dissembled and irretrievable in the novel: among them was J.C.C Mays, who thought the representation of Dublin “incomplete, with an undue and unfair emphasis on the sordid.”⁸⁹ This criticism of *Ulysses* is reminiscent of George Bernard Shaw’s response to the novel, in which he described it as a “revolting record of a disgusting phase of civilization.”⁹⁰ The emphasis on the sordidness of the novel was, as Venegas has noted, more often than not tied to what some critics called Joyce’s “Irish ‘backwardness’”⁹¹—his willingness to depict the squalor of the indigent Dedalus children, the gluttonous rapacity of the men eating at Burton’s restaurant in “Lestrygonians,” and the degeneracy of Bloom’s encounter with Gerty Macdowell in “Nausicaa.” But Joyce himself believed that it was crucial to depict the beautiful at the expense of, as Shaw begrudgingly allowed, a “truthful” record.⁹² In a letter to Grant Richards, Joyce proclaimed that it was not his fault that “the odour of ashpits and old weeds and offal hangs around [his] stories”; he believed that to remove these characteristics from the narrative would be to no benefit but would instead “retard

⁸⁸ Gunn et al, pg. 16

⁸⁹ Ibid, pg. 18

⁹⁰ Tully, pg. 15

⁹¹ Venegas, pg. 29

⁹² Tully, pg. 15

the course of civilization in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in [his] nicely polished looking-glass.”⁹³ This mirror, Seamus Deane remarks, reflects a reality previously unseen—an “unwelcome sight” to many, but one through which “Dublin and Ireland would be liberated.”⁹⁴

The subjugation of the universal to the local in *Ulysses* is, I believe, most beautifully enunciated in “Ithaca,” the penultimate episode of the novel; this is the repository of lists, letters, and memories in which the reader encounters Bloom most intimately. In a letter to Frank Budgen, Joyce explained that he was writing Ithaca “in the form of a mathematical catechism” in which

All events are resolved into their cosmic, physical, psychical equivalents, Bloom jumping down the area, drawing water from the tap, the micturition in the garden, the cone of incense, lighted candle and statue so that not only will the reader know everything and know it in the baldest coldest way, but Bloom and Stephen thereby become heavenly bodies, wanderers like the stars at which they gaze.⁹⁵

Much of the criticism on “Ithaca,” therefore, undertakes an analysis of the episode’s catechetical format. A. Walton Litz notes that “Ithaca” may take its form from the Catechism of the Roman Catholic Church, which assumes a question-and-answer format, but he finds that an equally convincing source for the composition of the episode is Richmal Mangnall’s *Historical and Miscellaneous Questions*—a textbook of “encyclopaedic knowledge” used in schoolhouses and alluded to by Joyce in *Portrait of*

⁹³ Deane, pg. 36

⁹⁴ Ibid, pg. 37

⁹⁵ Gunn et al, pg. 392

the Artist.⁹⁶ To read “Ithaca” not merely for its catechetical format but instead as historicizing archive becomes a more effective lens for regarding the novel’s subversion of imperialist narratives.

In her preface to *Historical and Miscellaneous Questions*, the editor for the American edition of Mangnall’s book writes that she was tempted to introduce it into her school until she “discovered many deficiencies, . . . particularly in having no portion allotted to the history of the United States, so necessary in the education of all Americans; and too much space appropriated to the English Constitution, together with many sentences, the application of which are entirely local.”⁹⁷ Thus, in order to make the book pertinent for American audiences, editor Julia Lawrence compiled portions of American history from “standard works—those of Prescott, Bancroft, and Wooster—simplified as much as possible, and arranged according to the plan pursued in the English work.”⁹⁸ The commentary made here by Lawrence, though almost certainly not present in any edition employed by Joyce in his youth or beyond, points to the importance of representing and thus valorizing local experience. In Mangnall’s work, biblical history is followed by chapters on Julius Caesar, Grecian History, events from the Christian Era to the end of the eighteenth century, as well as abstracts of British, Scottish, and French history. No space is afforded in the text for Irish history, and yet Mangnall’s book was consistently employed in Irish schoolhouses. Lawrence found the absence of American history unacceptable in the formation of American students, and so made addendums to the text. Likewise, in the “Ithaca” chapter of *Ulysses*, Joyce assumes the form of

⁹⁶ Litz, pg. 394

⁹⁷ Mangnall, pg. v

⁹⁸ Ibid.

Mangnall's encyclopedia in order to valorize Irish experience—which in its absence from the book had been refused historical value—by imitating the question and answer format and elevating the mundanity of Leopold Bloom's experience in its full expression. Thus, Mangnall's chapter on "Miscellaneous Questions in General History, Chiefly Ancient" begins with this directive: "Name the four great ancient monarchies. The Assyrian or Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. Name the four earliest Assyrian monarchs. Nimrod Belus, afterwards worshipped, Ninus, and Semiramis."⁹⁹ The chapter then proceeds to formulate questions and provide their respective answers: "For what was Babylon famed? For its hanging gardens, and great walls."¹⁰⁰ It is this pattern that Joyce imitates in "Ithaca," shaping the histories of the inhabitants of 7 Eccles Street.

Yet in the construction of the "Ithaca" chapter of *Ulysses*, Joyce exceeds the indifference of Mangnall's historicism by setting the episode in Bloom's house. Jacques Derrida recalls that the archive (*archium*) historically served as the residence of the superior magistrate and the depository for official documents.¹⁰¹ I argue that in imitating the question and answer format of Mangnall's text within this episode of the novel—Odysseus's homecoming—Joyce stresses the great historical significance of local experience. Frank Budgen argues that it is in this episode, more than any other, that readers are invited to enter Bloom's house "as familiars...come to take stock of the occupants and inventory their furniture."¹⁰² The door to 7 Eccles Street is opened to Stephen, but to the reader as well: "After a lapse of four minutes the glimmer of his candle was discernible through...the halldoor, [which] turned gradually on its hinges. In

⁹⁹ Mangnall, pg. 60

¹⁰⁰ Ibid.

¹⁰¹ Derrida, pg. 9

¹⁰² Budgen, pg. 68

the open space of the doorway the man reappeared without his hat, with his candle.”¹⁰³

Upon entering the house, the reader learns many things about Bloom. Contained in this archive are the “lines of original verse written by [Bloom], potential poet, at the age of 11 in 1877,” the anagrams of his name forged in his youth, and the acrostic of his name he sent to Molly on Valentine’s Day in 1888. There are fragments of songs Bloom sang to his children when they were very small, gifts exchanged between them, and coins that went missing and were never found. There is a catalogue of Bloom’s books; his furniture is described, and the reader learns that during their afternoon tryst his wife Molly and her lover Blazes Boylan shifted the pieces from their usual positions.

In encountering Bloom in his home, the reader is able to regard Bloom “de tous les côtes”—from all sides, from “every conceivable angle.”¹⁰⁴ “Ithaca” is an archive of documents that reveals in incredible detail the private life of an individual, presenting with all the seriousness of a formal catechism the composite of Bloom’s lived experience and valorizing its contents in order that that Bloom’s life might appear so consistent that it is impossible he should be anything but real. It is ultimately in the creation of this archive that Joyce resists the erasure of Irish experience.

¹⁰³ *U*17.14-17

¹⁰⁴ Budgen, pg. 64

CHAPTER II

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE AND THE LATIN AMERICAN ARCHIVE

In his Nobel lecture on “The Solitude of Latin America,” Gabriel García Márquez traces the origins and development of Latin American letters through the Florentine navigator Antonio Pigafetta, who travelled for three years with the Portuguese explorer Ferdinand Magellan. It is he who, “upon his passage through our southern lands of America,” wrote the book that “even then contained the seeds of our present-day novels.”¹⁰⁵ García Márquez notes that in his travel chronicles, Pigafetta records that he had seen “hogs with navels on their haunches, clawless birds whose hens laid eggs on the backs of their mates,..a misbegotten creature with the head and ears of a mule, a camel’s body, the legs of a deer and the whinny of a horse,”¹⁰⁶ and encountered a native in Patagonia who was frightened by his own image in a mirror. But even this, García Marquez remarks, is “by no means the most staggering account of our reality in that age.”¹⁰⁷ Indeed, nearly thirty years before Magellan attempted circumnavigation, Christopher Columbus arrived in the Caribbean. There, he saw “many trees very unlike ours, and many of them [with] branches of different kinds and all on one trunk, and one twig is of one kind and the other of another, and so unlike that it is the greatest wonder of

¹⁰⁵ García Márquez, pg. 17

¹⁰⁶ Ibid.

¹⁰⁷ Ibid.

the world.”¹⁰⁸ But what is remarkable about Columbus is that, though he is credited as the first modern European to set foot in the Americas, he did not encounter the continent as a *tabula rasa* but as a landscape already inscribed by the European imaginary.

Tvetan Todorov writes that Columbus “believe[d] not only in Christian dogma, but also (and he [was] not alone at the time) in Cyclopes and mermaids, in Amazons and men with tails, and his belief, as strong as Saint Peter’s, therefore permit[ted] him to find them.”¹⁰⁹ He knew in advance, Todorov stresses, that he would encounter Cyclopes, men with tails, and Amazons; seeing three mermaids who “rose very high from the sea but were not as beautiful as they are painted,” Columbus was able to correct the culturally preconceived impression that mermaids resemble beautiful women by admitting that they have “something of the masculine in their countenance” and are therefore “not so beautiful as is claimed.”¹¹⁰ Mexican critic Carlos Fuentes suggests that the discovery of the marvelous in the Americas happened because it was first imagined, desired, and then invented; for an increasingly metropolitan and industrial Europe, the Americas offered a New World of “enchantment and fantasy only read about, before, in the romances of chivalry”—a domain “bereft of history, once more in Paradise, discovered before the Fall and untainted by the old.”¹¹¹ This is why, as García Márquez remarks in his Nobel lecture, many sought the mystical El Dorado, “our so avidly sought and illusory land [that] appeared on numerous maps for many a long year, shifting its place and form to suit the fantasy of cartographers.”¹¹² Here is an example of a legend originating with the

¹⁰⁸ Todorov, pg. 18

¹⁰⁹ Ibid, pg. 15

¹¹⁰ Qtd. in Todorov, pg. 15

¹¹¹ Fuentes, pg. 184

¹¹² García Márquez, pg. 17

indigenous of the Americas—the account of a tribal leader covered with gold dust who would throw gold and precious jewels into a nearby lake to appease the god who dwelled there¹¹³—was appropriated by the European imagination and relocated to “suit the fantasy”¹¹⁴ of the British and Spanish who sought it. The potentiality of wealth in the Americas was unfathomable and therefore limitless, generating the desire for its possession and exploitation; and thus, the legend of El Dorado was established and tirelessly pursued. It remains, along with the other great mysteries of Latin America, a vestige of the utopic destiny of the continent: “one of the central strains of the culture” and a “condemnation...by the Old World.”¹¹⁵ Just as the legend El Dorado has been inscribed into the landscape but remains a story that is not yet finished, European occupation left a deep impression on the Latin American imaginary, so that the Latin American writer has long told the story of his nation through the forms he inherited.

Theodor Adorno has said that “coming to terms with the past does not imply a serious working through of the past [but] suggests, rather, wishing to turn the page and, if possible, wiping it from memory.”¹¹⁶ Indeed, a reading of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* may yield and support this reading; but I argue that more than providing a revisionist history, the novel employs the European model of employing myth to create history and transforming history into mythology to give expression to García Márquez’s “outsized reality.”¹¹⁷ He argues that the problem in expressing that reality for Latin Americans has not been too little imagination, but a “lack of conventional means to render our lives

¹¹³ Hemming, pg. 197

¹¹⁴ García Márquez, pg. 17

¹¹⁵ Fuentes, pg. 184

¹¹⁶ Adorno, pg. 115

¹¹⁷ García Márquez, pg. 18

believable.”¹¹⁸ García Márquez suggests that it is “only natural that [Europeans] insist on measuring us with the yardstick that they use for themselves, forgetting that the ravages of life are not the same for all, and that the quest of our own identity is just as arduous and bloody for us as it was for them.”¹¹⁹ For Latin Americans to continue interpreting their reality “though patterns not our own,” he argues, “serves only to make us more unknown, ever less free, ever more solitary.”¹²⁰

It is to the desire of expression that García Márquez responds in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, bringing together in his novel what Fuentes terms

...all the ‘real’ history and all the ‘fictitious’ history, all the proofs admitted by the court of justice, all the evidence certified by the public accountants, but also all the rumors, legends, gossip, pious lies, exaggerations, and fables that no one has written down, that the old have told the young and the spinsters whispered to the priest: that the sorcerers have invoked in the center of the night and the clowns have acted out in the center of the square.¹²¹

Thus, Fuentes proposes, the epic of Macondo and the Buendías “includes the totality of the oral, legendary past,” and through the saga the reader learns that “we cannot feel satisfied with the official documented history of the times, for history is also all the things that men and women have dreamed, imagined, desired, and named.”¹²²

¹¹⁸ García Márquez, pg. 18-19

¹¹⁹ Ibid, pg. 19

¹²⁰ Ibid, pg. 19

¹²¹ Fuentes, pg. 192

¹²² Ibid.

As in *Ulysses*, there is an emphasis on the crucial need for self-expression and the placement of narratives within local frameworks. In *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, this is achieved through a rewriting of the narratives that were most important during the Age of Discovery, the narratives by which European history has been defined in relation to the rest of the world. Employing the biblical and imperial creation myths, García Márquez recovers origin stories from a Eurocentric frame, resettling and repopulating Latin America once more but, as Fuentes has suggested, to the end of “joyous rediscovery of identity, an instant reflex by which we are presented, in the genealogies of Macondo, to our grandmas, our sweethearts, our brothers and sisters, our nursemaids.”¹²³ Herein lies the significance of the archival house in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, as in Joyce’s *Ulysses*: for inasmuch as this novel seeks to restore a lost means of expression, the attitude of García Márquez is to embody in his fiction the livelihood of the Latin American—representing as mediocre that which the European exoticizes and as incredible the most pedestrian elements of the quotidian, since “even in a magical Macondo, the everyday meals come from somewhere.”¹²⁴

The Genesis of Latin America

In the opening of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Colonel Aureliano Buendía remembers the Macondo of his childhood: it was a time, he recalls, in which the world was “so recent that many things lacked names, and in order to indicate them it was necessary to point.”¹²⁵ For a Western audience, the obvious analogue is to the Garden of

¹²³ Fuentes, pg. 189-90

¹²⁴ Bell-Villada, pg. 98-99

¹²⁵ Ibid.

Eden, for the world has been so recently created in the beginning of the Book of Genesis that many things within it have not been named; God therefore brings “all the wild animals and all the birds of the air to the man to see what he would call them.”¹²⁶ Fuentes suggests that the “invention of America is indistinguishable from the naming of America”; the Europeans gave names to native bodies and did not “stop and reflect whether the names being given to things real and imagined [were] intrinsic to the named, or merely conventional.”¹²⁷ Thus, Columbus *renamed* islands, even though he was aware of their original appellations: “To the first one I came upon I gave the name of San Salvador, in homage to His Heavenly Majesty who has wondrously given us all this. The Indians call this Island Guanahani. I named the second island Santa Maria de Concepción, the third Fernandina, the fourth Isabella, the fifth Juana, and so to each of them I gave a new name.”¹²⁸ García Márquez therefore places the narrative in a temporality preceding the nomenclature of imperialism; in echoing the structure of the passage from the Book of Genesis, he reconfigures the biblical language that was frequently used by colonizers like Columbus to institute European precedents in the New World.

The importance of retaining the ability to name is reinforced later in the novel during the insomnia plague. The first to recognize the plague in Macondo is the Indian woman Visitación, a servant to the family who recognized in the eyes of the child Rebeca the “symptoms of the sickness whose threat had obliged her and her brother to exile themselves for-ever from an age-old kingdom where they had been prince and

¹²⁶ Genesis 2:20

¹²⁷ Fuentes, pg. 186

¹²⁸ Qtd. in Todorov, pg. 27

princess.”¹²⁹ When none of the Buendías expresses concern about the insomnia plague, Visitación explains that the “most fearsome part of the sickness of insomnia was not the impossibility of sleeping, for the body did not feel any fatigue at all, but its inexorable evolution toward a more critical manifestation: a loss of memory.”¹³⁰ As the plague overtakes its victim, the “recollection of [the person’s] childhood [begins] to be erased from his memory, then the name and notion of things, and finally the identity of people and even the awareness of his own being, until he [sinks] into a kind of idiocy that had no past.”¹³¹ When the whole town is finally contaminated with the plague, the Buendías develop a method of remembering: “With an inked brush he marked everything with its name: *table, chair, clock, door, wall, bed, pan*. He went to the corral and marked the animals and plants: *cow, goat, pig, hen, cassava, caladium, banana*.”¹³² But considering the implications of progression for the sickness, the patriarch of the family realizes that the name of an item might not always suffice, and so he writes a description of the usage of each article, noting, for example, that the cow must be milked and the milk must be boiled in order to make coffee and milk.¹³³ Thus, the narrator notes, “they went on living in a reality that was slipping away, momentarily captured by words, but which would escape irremediably when they forgot the values of the written letters.”¹³⁴ The progression of the insomnia sickness points to the cultural consequences of imperialism: if a people lose their own language, they cannot merely adapt the language of another and adapt; rather, they relapse into a primitivism, unable to relate their present state to the

¹²⁹ García Márquez, pg. 43

¹³⁰ García Márquez, pg. 43-44

¹³¹ Ibid, pg. 44

¹³² Ibid, pg. 47

¹³³ Ibid, pg. 47

¹³⁴ Ibid, pg. 47

past and therefore incapable of moving forward. It becomes impossible to construct a history.

But if the narrative is returned to a time before the language of the native passes, as Carlos Fuentes suggests, “into a silence resembling death,”¹³⁵ then a new history can be constructed. Thus, unlike their biblical counterparts, the progenitors of the Buendía line in Macondo are not expelled from paradise, but instead discover it. Led in their exodus from Riohacha by José Arcadio Buendía and his wife Úrsula Iguarán, a group of men, women, and children traveled for twenty-six months through sunless territories where “the ground became soft and damp, like volcanic ash, the vegetation was thicker and thicker,...and the world became eternally sad.”¹³⁶ As they walked towards the place where they would eventually found Macondo, the men “felt overwhelmed by their most ancient memories in that paradise of dampness and silence, going back to before original sin as their boots sank into pools of steaming oil.”¹³⁷ Whether the “ancient memories” that oppress them are recollections of their own experiences or instead generational memories is unclear; although the narrator does suggest only a few pages later that José Arcadio will one day pass on a “wonderful image” of the gypsy Melquíades “to all of his descendants”—a demonstration of the building up of a multigenerational archival memory.¹³⁸ The phrase “going back to before original sin”¹³⁹ is similarly ambiguous but crucial. The original Spanish text reads “anterior al pecado original, donde las botas se

¹³⁵ Fuentes, pg. 188

¹³⁶ García Márquez, pg. 11

¹³⁷ Ibid.

¹³⁸ Ibid, pg. 6

¹³⁹ Ibid, pg. 11

hundían en pozos de aceites humeantes.”¹⁴⁰ The word *anterior* in Spanish can be used temporally to refer to an incident that occurred earlier than or before another event, but it can also be employed to describe a spatial relationship in which one object is in front of another or preceding it in placement with reference to a third party. This spatial relationship is not necessarily denoted in the English translation, where the context may either suggest that the memories relived by the men temporally precede original sin or that they physically move beyond original sin; but in Spanish, the usage of the word *donde*—meaning “where”—immediately following “pecado original” implies spatial movement, so that as the men find themselves experiencing those “ancient memories” they are encroaching upon the locus of original sin. It is then that the men encounter a Spanish ship abandoned long ago that

...had hanging from its intact masts the dirty rags of its sails in the midst of its rigging, which was adorned with orchids. The hull, covered with an armor of petrified barnacles and soft moss, was firmly fastened into a surface of stones. The whole structure seemed to occupy its own space, one of solitude and oblivion, protected from the vices of time and the habits of the birds. Inside, where the expeditionaries explored with careful intent, there was nothing but a thick forest of flowers.¹⁴¹

The Spanish galleon is in its very essence a symbol of the European imperialist spirit—the vehicle through which the project of colonialism is accomplished and a visual representation of its nation’s mobility and power. And yet here, it is a shell filled with

¹⁴⁰ *Cien años de soledad*, pg. 21

¹⁴¹ García Márquez, pg. 12

flowers. To reach the paradise “that no one had promised them,”¹⁴² the men and their families must first go back to before original sin—the indelible mark left on the landscape by the ravages of imperialism.

Years later, Colonel Aureliano Buendía discovers that the Spanish galleon is a four-day journey from the sea; he wonders how it is that the ship could have found its resting place where it did, so far removed from the channels of the ocean—which is to say that its presence there is contrived and anachronistic. The Spanish galleon is not native to the landscape but an unnatural addition to it that altered the land’s history; therefore, for the men and their families to go beyond original sin is an act of resistance against European logics of temporality—for they are going back, not forward—as well as a refusal to dwell in within a language and history that is not their own. Already the landscape has overcome the ship, which is “protected from the vices of time and the habits of the birds” even as it is invaded by the botanical species of the region. The relationship of the ship to the earth in which it is “firmly fastened” is significant, for as Said argues, “everything about human history is rooted in the earth.”¹⁴³ The intention of imperialism has always been to “think about, settle on, control land that you do not possess, that is distant, that is lived on and owned by others”;¹⁴⁴ to resist is to “reclaim, rename, and reinhabit”¹⁴⁵ the land that has been appropriated from its indigenous population. The native flowers therefore reclaim the ship and—to borrow Amaryll Chanady’s terminology—represent the territorialization of the Latin American

¹⁴² García Márquez, pg. 23

¹⁴³ Said, pg. 3

¹⁴⁴ Ibid, pg. 7

¹⁴⁵ Ibid, pg. 226

imaginary¹⁴⁶ enacted throughout the entire novel: in crafting a narrative that rejects imposed Eurocentric histories and realities, García Márquez grounds his chronicle in the land and the individuals interrupted, subdued, and even destroyed since the ‘discovery’ of the Americas.

The Buendía House as Archive

In his novel, García Márquez institutes a new history through the recuperation of the land by characters who are most appropriately named Buendía, or “good day.” Because one of the acts of violence of the colonizer is to remove the indigenous person from her land,¹⁴⁷ in *One Hundred Years of Solitude* the landscape and its inhabitants the Buendías are irrevocably tied together. Macondo begins with the Buendías and finds its end with them as well; their destinies are linked and one cannot exist without the other. This is most clear at the conclusion of the novel, when it is revealed that the manuscripts left behind decades before by the gypsy Melquíades were in fact the “history of the family, written...down to the most trivial details, one hundred years ahead of time” and “not in the order of man’s conventional time, but [concentrating] a century of daily episodes in such a way that they coexisted in one instant.”¹⁴⁸ Aureliano Buendía, whose destiny it is to decipher the coded manuscripts, sits down to read in the same rocking chair “in which Rebeca had sat during the early days of the house to give embroidery

¹⁴⁶ Chanady, pg. 133

¹⁴⁷ Said, pg. 7

¹⁴⁸ García Márquez, pg. 415

lessons, and in which Amaranta had played Chinese checkers with Colonel Gerineldo Márquez, and in which Amaranta Úrsula had sewn tiny clothes for [her] child.”¹⁴⁹

He finds written in the manuscripts the lives of his predecessors:

the prediction of [Arcadio’s] execution, and...the announcement of the birth of the most beautiful woman in the world who was rising up to heaven in body and soul, and...the origin of the posthumous twins who gave up deciphering the parchments, not simply through incapacity and lack of drive, but also because their attempts were premature.¹⁵⁰

Written in the manuscripts is his own destiny, and after reading through six generations of his predecessors he encounters himself in the text—deciphering “the instant that he was living, deciphering it as he lived it, prophesying himself in the act of deciphering the last page of the parchments, as if he were looking into a speaking mirror.”¹⁵¹ As he reaches the end of the manuscripts, surges of wind tear “the doors and windows off their hinges, [pull] off the roof of the east wing, and [uproot] the foundations of the house,”¹⁵² and when he arrives at the final line of the manuscript, he realizes that he will never leave the room in which he is reading because Macondo will be “wiped out by the wind and exiled from the memory of men at the precise moment when [he] finish[es] deciphering the parchments.”¹⁵³

The relationship here between the family, the home, and the archive is wonderfully enunciated. The rocking chair is but one example from perhaps hundreds in

¹⁴⁹ García Márquez, pg. 414

¹⁵⁰ Ibid, pg. 415-416

¹⁵¹ Ibid, pg. 416

¹⁵² Ibid, pg. 416

¹⁵³ Ibid, pg. 416-417

the novel that demonstrate the correlation between lived experience and memory; just by sitting in that chair Aureliano feels—and is “unable to bear”—the “crushing weight of so much past.”¹⁵⁴ The house is a physical archive of the family’s history, storing the material goods of family members long deceased and newly born as well as the memorial residue of human occupation. But it is also a documental archive that represents “down to the most trivial details” the “daily episodes”¹⁵⁵ of the family members and joins the history of the family to the history of the land, so that even though Macondo and the Buendías will be “exiled from the memory of man,” they remain narratively inseparable.

Jacques Derrida argues that the *archon*—the superior magistrate who resides in the *arkheion*—is alone given the “hermeneutic right[,] competence, [and] power to interpret the archives.”¹⁵⁶ Thus, although it is the gypsy Melquíades who composes the manuscript, it is Aureliano—the last living Buendía—who is destined to interpret it. The *arkheion* is also, according to Derrida, the place that “marks the institutional passage from the private to the public,” so that the text that is housed there, once it has been deciphered and delivered from restrictions of confidentiality, invites readership from the exterior.¹⁵⁷ Indeed, much of the success of the novel has been attributed to what Fuentes terms the “element of immediate recognition present in the book.”¹⁵⁸ Contained within the narrative are episodes of daily life in Macondo that are then disrupted by the intrusion of the gypsy Melquíades’s technological marvels, incessant military conflict, and capitalist exploitation; yet the focus of these events is considered within the familial

¹⁵⁴ García Márquez, pg. 414

¹⁵⁵ Ibid, pg. 415

¹⁵⁶ Derrida, pg. 10

¹⁵⁷ Ibid.

¹⁵⁸ Fuentes, pg. 189-90

frame of the Buendías as they hang up laundry, cook the daily meal, and fall in love. This is an account of quotidian life that, according to Gene H. Bell-Villada, strikes a common chord with Latin Americans because, “historically, we had all come from Macondo, and we all had a tío or two in a revolution.”¹⁵⁹

Likewise, García Márquez spoke about a critic of the novel who postulated that the interest it had generated was probably due to the fact that “it was the first real description of the private life of a Latin American family,” since in the novel “we go into the bedroom, the bathroom, the kitchen, into every corner of life.”¹⁶⁰ Bell-Villada argues that behind García Márquez’s “scrupulousness in rendering the history and folklore of his region is a larger fidelity to reality itself,” for he never allows “even the humblest of particulars to escape him, be it the clothes a character is wearing on his or her first appearance in the book or the contents of a meal someone might be eating.”¹⁶¹ It would not be incorrect to say that *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is in fact a historicized chronicle of Latin American experience. García Márquez asserted that in writing he “wasn’t inventing anything at all but simply capturing and recounting a world of omens, premonitions, cures and superstitions that is authentically ours, truly Latin American.”¹⁶² In writing he took down the previously unrecorded accounts of his grandfather Colonel Nicolás Ricardo Márquez Mejía, who like José Arcadio Buendía, uprooted his family and took a “journey into forgetting”—founding a village in Aracataca with his wife Doña Tranquilina Iguarán Cotes, who shares a surname and the soul of the matriarch with

¹⁵⁹ Bell-Villada, pg. 5

¹⁶⁰ Guibert, pg. 39

¹⁶¹ Ibid, pg. 107

¹⁶² Apuleyo, pg. 59

Úrsula Iguarán de Buendía.¹⁶³ It was his grandmother, an extremely superstitious woman for whom “every natural event had a supernatural interpretation,” who revealed to her young grandson “las leyendas, las fábulas, las prestigiosas mentiras”¹⁶⁴ of the region; without her, García Márquez could have never written *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Having wrestled for two decades with the story of a family like his living together in a house haunted by ghosts and memories but unable to construct a narrative worth pursuing, García Márquez nearly gave it up until the solution appeared to him as from nowhere. The key that had been eluding him for so long was not the narrative, but the tone in which to tell it:¹⁶⁵ “In previous attempts to write *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, I tried to tell the story without believing in it. I discovered that what I had to do was believe in them myself and write them with the same expression which my grandmother told them: with a brick face.”¹⁶⁶

The author’s belief in the stories he is telling is significant, as he says, for their execution; but his treatment of the material presented in *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is critical as a reassertion of the authenticity and importance of Latin American narratives. It is in presenting a narrative that documents the most mundane details of quotidian living that García Márquez ultimately subverts imperialist narratives in which the Latin American appears merely as a “pawn without a will of its own.”¹⁶⁷ Ultimately, García Márquez’s novel disrupts the European narrative of the Americas by intimately

¹⁶³ García Márquez, pg. 37

¹⁶⁴ Vargas Llosa, pg. 83

¹⁶⁵ Elie, pg. 46

¹⁶⁶ Stone, pg. 56

¹⁶⁷ García Márquez, pg. 19

connecting the history of the Buendías to Macondo—which cannot and does not exist without them—and establishing an archive of Latin American experience.

CONCLUSION

When asked what advice he would give to young writers, Gabriel García Márquez responded that they must write about their own experiences because “it’s always easy to tell whether a writer is writing something that has happened to him or something he has read or been told.”¹⁶⁸ He then proceeded to quote a line from Pablo Neruda’s poem “Estatuto del vino”—“God help me from inventing when I sing.”¹⁶⁹ It is a provocative verse: the speaker of the poem aligns himself with the bardic tradition of oral narrative, petitioning the divine as he constructs not fiction, but history. Yet unlike Homer, who sang of the mystical dealings between gods and noblemen, he sings of the mundane:

I am in the midst of that singing, in the midst
of the winter that rolls through the streets,
I am in the midst of the drinkers,
with my eyes opened toward forgotten places,
either remembering in delirious mourning,
or sleeping tumbled into the ashes.

Remembering nights, ships, seed times,
departed friends, circumstances,
bitter hospitals and girls ajar:

¹⁶⁸ Stone, pg. 53-54

¹⁶⁹ Ibid.

remembering a wave slapping a certain rock
with an adornment of flour and foam,
and the life that one leads in certain countries,
on certain solitary coasts,
a sound of stars in the palm trees,
a heartbeat on the windowpanes,
a train crossing darkly on cursed wheels
and many sad things of this sort. (63-79)¹⁷⁰

There is intimation in this poem of a postcolonial awareness of the exclusionary functions of art, which would seek to stifle the representation of life as it is experienced in “certain countries.” These are the narratives that Neruda seeks to restore, not creating out of nothing but instead returning to those “forgotten places” in his art. To “remember the life that one leads in certain countries” is to restore the archives of lived experience that have been misplaced through colonialism—a reaction against the processes by which the colonized are made “creatures of European will”¹⁷¹ inscribed completely within incomplete imperial narratives. Such a resistance, suggests Edward Said, is achieved through the “insistence on the right to see the [colonized] community’s history whole, coherently, integrally.”¹⁷²

Through my analysis of James Joyce’s *Ulysses* and García Márquez’s *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, I have sought to reveal this insistence on the expression of the local as shared resistance in those novels. The lines of influence frequently forged

¹⁷⁰ Neruda, pg. 167

¹⁷¹ Said, pg. 132

¹⁷² Ibid, pg. 215

between Joyce and Latin American writers or, contrarily, García Márquez and European or American Modernists emphasize the technical connections between the texts—so that the two are rarely considered in juxtaposition but rather through degrees of separation. Thus, the literary relationship between Joyce and García Márquez is mediated by Ernest Hemingway or, more frequently, William Faulkner. Likewise, the expression of Joycean influence in Latin America is most typically aligned with Julio Cortázar's *Rayuela*, which shares in its technical and narrative inventions. Yet in constructing his analysis of *Ulysses* and *Rayuela*, critic Fernandez Retamar insists upon the importance of “stressing the parallels between the society and history of Ireland and Spanish America” in lieu of grounding comparisons between the novels on their shared “verbal audacity.”¹⁷³ When this is done not with *Rayuela*, but with *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, the resistance against the colonial that is at the heart of both this novel and *Ulysses* becomes increasingly evident.

In *Culture and Imperialism*, Edward Said argues that “stories are at the heart of what explorers and novelists say about strange regions of the world,” and so they must also become the “method colonized people use to assert their own identity and the existence of their own history.”¹⁷⁴ This is, as I have suggested, crucial to a comparative reading of *Ulysses* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Both Joyce and García Márquez employ the structuring myths of Western civilization that have been imposed on them in order to recover and communicate the experiences of their own people, which are frequently suppressed in Eurocentric narratives. In this regard, both writers subvert the Modernist ideology that would employ myth to restore a fracturing Western world in

¹⁷³ Qtd. in Venegas, pg. 14-15

¹⁷⁴ Said, pg. 236

order to reconfigure worlds previously shattered by colonialism. Yet if it is true that stories may be utilized as imperialist mechanisms through which authority over “strange regions of the world”¹⁷⁵ is asserted, then it is especially critical that art resisting this impulse should realize the unification of the colonized territory to the colonized person, interrupting the Eurocentric imperialist discourse through the archiving of experience. Thus, Ireland and Colombia are central to the works of each author, and it is impossible that either novel should have been localized anywhere else. Joyce asserted that in writing *Ulysses* he was attempting to convey “the color and tone of Dublin with my words”¹⁷⁶; and García Márquez spoke of his native Colombia as the “world which taught me to write, the only place where I really feel at home.”¹⁷⁷

Clive Hart suggests that no detail in *Ulysses* is “incomprehensible [even] without knowledge of Dublin, [but] everything, or almost everything, acquires a significant new dimension when local facts are explored.”¹⁷⁸ This is as true for Joyce’s novel as it is for *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, for both were constructed not through invention, but through arrangement of what was known of “those forgotten places” (Neruda 66). Both Joyce and García Márquez repeatedly asserted the presence of reality in their literature. The former contended that in his novel he “tried to keep close to fact”¹⁷⁹ and, when asked whether literature is to be fact or an art responded that “it should be life.”¹⁸⁰ The latter avowed that “every single line in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*...has a starting point in reality” because his “commitment is to all reality, to a literature that refers to all

¹⁷⁵ Said, pg. 236

¹⁷⁶ Power et al, pg. 98

¹⁷⁷ *The Fragrance of Guava*, pg. 52

¹⁷⁸ Gunn et al, pg. 18

¹⁷⁹ Budgen, pg. 98

¹⁸⁰ Ibid, pg. 34

reality.”¹⁸¹ Thus, each writer represents life as he experienced it, incorporating into his novel autobiographical elements—writing into the fiction people known in youth or, as is the case with García Márquez, constructing whole chapters from a “wreath of images”¹⁸² inherited from family—but also embodying complete, unidealized landscapes. The emphasis on what some critics have described as the ‘sordid’ in Joyce’s fiction seemed to Carl Jung, who claimed that “nothing really happens in *Ulysses*,”¹⁸³ the glorification of the mundane. But I argue that it is ultimately in the presence of the quotidian in *Ulysses* and in *One Hundred Years of Solitude* that the experience of the Irishman and Latin American is most emphatically represented.

Comparative studies of European and American literature with Latin American texts have very often been dependent on a unidirectional line of influence deriving from the Eurocentric high Modernist and received by the Latin American who, according to Octavio Paz, “has lived in the suburbs of the West, in the outskirts of history.”¹⁸⁴ Even García Márquez—who has frequently spoken on the personal importance of Franz Kafka, William Faulkner, and others on his writing—has expressed his dissatisfaction with the processes by which critics recognize or establish influences.¹⁸⁵ But if postcolonial writers are meant to express their own histories and narratives, it seems necessary that a new discourse for discussion of the relations between these different writers should be generated. I conclude with Cesar A. Salgado that if a relationship is drawn between Joyce and the Latin American writer, it must not be understood as creative dependence, but as

¹⁸¹ González Bermejo, pg. 11

¹⁸² *The Fragrance of Guava*, pg. 30

¹⁸³ Budgen, pg. 73

¹⁸⁴ Qtd. in Stavans, pg. 95

¹⁸⁵ *Myth and the Modern Novel*, pg. 21

recognition: “it is the margin seeing the margin, the colonized seeing the colonized.”¹⁸⁶

This recognition, more than any technical innovation, reaches the core of the resistance in *Ulysses* and *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.

¹⁸⁶ Salgado, pg. 27

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